

A Benevolent Burglar

By Ruth Alden Hayes

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Noisefully the man with a bent wire opened the gate of a rear court, cautiously he crossed the stone-paved yard. He glanced up at the handsome mansion looming before him. It was dark and deserted looking. The intruder fumbled for a tool in his pocket, pushed back a door and was within the house.

Burglar Bill Dorsey, if you please—reformed. It did not look that way, but, while the old crafty tricks were being into force and professional skill exerted to the utmost, he was innocent as a child as to the notion and purpose in view in thus breaking into the house of rich Seth Payne.

Bill groped his way without a misstep, down a corridor and up a flight of stairs, for he had pursued that course only a week ago—and had got away with the swag! In his pocket at the present moment lay that same plunder, a diamond-jeweled wrist watch, a pearl necklace, two valuable rings. He could see a light coming through a keyhole.

"Thunder!" Bill expressed voicelessly. Then he took another peep. He could have guessed, for the man within his view, kneeling in front of a safe, had on the floor beside him a hammer, a chisel and a screw driver. Bill could not refrain a chuckle at the sight of this kit.

"A rival," he muttered—"but an amateur. Being sincerely reformed, it is my duty to lead this novice out of the downward path. Hello, pal!"

With the hearty salutation, Bill pressed open the door and stepped into the room. The other, a young, handsome man of perhaps twenty-five, made a dive for a coat pocket. Bill put up the hand of vigorous remonstrance.

"Don't draw a gun, pardner," he submitted, "I'm a yegg, too."

"But I am not," declared the other. "What are you doing here, then?"

Interrogated Bill pointedly. "I am trying to get into that safe."

"I see—but you won't, with those amateur's tools."

"Can you?" pressed the other. "Rather," asserted Bill promptly. "That's nothing but a cheap old box. I can open it on the combination alone."

"Do it and I will pay you any price you ask," urged the young man.

"Do you belong here?" asked Bill. "Not at all."

"Broge in, like myself?"

"Yes—there was an open window, so you might say that."

"Sorry," said Bill, shaking his head slowly, "but, as I told you, I've reformed. I've promised Kate, the sweetest girl in the world, to never turn a trick again and I mean to keep my promise."

"Then what are you doing here now?" amazedly inquired the other, who was Arthur Ridgely, and a respectable member of society, and an honest man, and free from guile as a child, but he did not tell Bill this—yet.

"Well," exclaimed Bill bluntly, "I came here to return what I took away a week ago," and he exhibited the packet. "It was my last raid. Kate said she'd never marry me unless I put it back where I found it, we'll say as evidence of my good faith in re-forming."

"I see, I see," murmured young Ridgely slowly, as if struck by the oddity of the situation. "You are a good man and I see the hand of destiny in my thus meeting you. I came here like a thief in the night, I made myself amenable to the penalty for housebreaking, but influenced by a pure and holy motive."

"I hope so," said Bill dubiously. "Can you prove it?"

"Yes, I can. If you will open that safe, in the left-hand pigeonhole of the upper row you will find a green envelope. It is of no value, but immensely harmful to innocent, suffering victims. To get that paper means the freedom, perhaps the life of a reputable citizen, the happiness of an innocent, beautiful girl just budding into womanhood. Man, glorify the reformation you boast of, by doing a deed that will bring you blessings your whole life through!"

"Why, you talk like a story book," said Bill. "Say, I'm interested. A regular romance."

"And a tragedy—unless I get that paper."

"All right," nodded Bill definitely, after a moment of thought. "I'll help you out. Here's the bargain. I open that safe. I take out a green envelope, nothing more. You are not to touch a single thing. We leave here and you convince me that you need that envelope for a good purpose before I part with it."

"Agreed—oh, gladly! gladly!" spoke the young man with eagerness.

"So, aside and keep quiet," and Bill set on his knees before the safe. The other watched him with mingled anxiety and admiration. Bill, expert that he was, focused his acute senses of touch and hearing upon the combination disk. Click—the tumblers grated, the steel door moved, Bill pulled it open. There was bold, bank notes, bulky securities in view, but both passed them by as dross. Bill

searched the pigeon hole indicated and pulled it open.

"Is that it?" he questioned, drawing out a green envelope.

"Yes, it must be," said Arthur Ridgely.

"Gather up your truck, then, and let us get out of here while the getting is good," observed Bill tersely. He closed and relocked the safe. He placed the restored fruits of his former visit in the cabinet where he had originally found them. Bill led his companion from the place and left no traces of the double nightly visitation behind them.

"Now, then, for a confab," he observed, as they finally reached the street.

"Where shall we go?"

"Oh, some quiet restaurant," said Bill, "anywhere except a drinking joint. Those are the traps that led me to become what I was. Now, then, let's have the dope," he added ten minutes later, as he and the strange new friend he had made were seated in a secluded corner of an eating room.

"I am Arthur Ridgely," spoke Bill's companion promptly, "reasonably well off and engaged to marry a beautiful young lady. The man whose house we visited tonight admired her, demanded her hand in marriage. Her father was an old business associate. The other held a great power over the father of—oh, I will speak her name, Angela. The possession of a document in that green envelope enabled its holder to disgrace, perhaps imprison Angela's father. To evade the same, broken heartedly she turned me adrift, sacrificing herself to save her father."

"The father had gone wrong, eh?" submitted Bill bluntly.

"Not in a criminal sense. In order that a large but failing business might be reorganized, he took upon himself the risk of an irregularity. He saved the business and no real wrong was done. That was years ago. I learned the truth from his lawyer, who has visited the wretch who held the document, saw it, noticed where he put it in the safe. Now his fangs are drawn, and oh! the relief, the happiness for those I love."

"Take it," said Bill impulsively, and handed the green envelope to Arthur Ridgely.

"I want your address," said the latter, fairly trembling with emotion.

"My city one changes tomorrow, for I am going to get married and leave for a pretty little place in the country," and Bill gave the details as to name and location.

One month later Bill was whistling a cheery tune in the rear yard of his new home, and his happy-faced wife was singing as she bent over the wash-tub under a flowering cherry tree. Abruptly an automobile turned from the road, halted and Arthur Ridgely sprang out.

"Dear friend!" cried the exuberant young man, seizing Bill's hand in a fervor of joy. "We haven't forgotten you."

"My wife," spoke Bill proudly, nodding to the smiling lady at the clothes-line.

"Two brides!" Angela, called Ridgely, and she alighted from the machine. "Good friend, indeed!" she cried to Bill. "You darling!" she directed at Mrs. Dorsey, as she threw her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"You look very happy here, Mr. Dorsey," observed Ridgely.

"Happy!" cried his buxom wife. "He's whistling at his work all day long and I have to sing to keep from crying for joy."

"It's just paradise," declared Bill. "We've got a lease on the little place for ten dollars a month and a promise of the use of five acres adjoining."

"You needn't pay any more rent," said Ridgely, and he extended a folded document.

"What's that?" questioned Bill.

"It's a deed to the house and lot and the five acres, free and clear—a belated wedding present, Angela's and mine," was Arthur Ridgely's reply.

Can't Beat the Kiddies.

Children are the original keepers of the shrine of humor, says a writer in the Washington Star.

I have an intellectual friend, who has analyzed h-u-m-o-r, from h to z, and knows more about it than real philosophers. He says humor is based on cruelty, or incongruous happenings and a lack of reason.

The reason children are always saying funny things is because they are often cruel and do not reason, he says. I don't believe all humor is summed up so, but certainly the following scrap of conversation overheard the other day would tend to bear out his statements:

Two small girls were "playing house" in an apartment house hall.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones. I just came over to see you," said Mrs. Smith (seven years old).

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," replied Mrs. Jones (eight years old). "How are you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, I'm in such trouble," sighed Mrs. Smith. "Mr. Smith just died."

"That's too bad," commiserated Mrs. Jones. "Poor Mrs. Smith!"

"But the funeral isn't until three o'clock," said poor Mrs. Smith, "so we've plenty of time to go to the movie show."

When He Quit.

A woman having occasion to go to a small cleaning and dyeing establishment, where she had not been for some months, was surprised to find the store occupied by an entirely different line of business. Going inside, she asked the new shopkeeper why Schmidt had moved away and where he could be found. "Schmidt?" he replied. "Oh, he died and went out of business two months ago."

TO STOP WASTE OF SILVER

Method Recommended That Will Put an End to Loss in Photo-Engraving Establishments.

A greater amount of pure silver is used each year in this country in photography and photo-engraving than any other purpose except the coinage of the United States. By the methods in general use only about 10 per cent of the silver consumed in these industries is actually utilized. The remainder is simply wasted in the solutions which are thrown daily into the sinks to go out through the drain pipes.

Several schemes for conserving this waste are now being considered. One consists in saving the solutions in jars and barrels to be refined or evaporated to regain the silver. Another method, which is really quite practical, is to utilize the silver wasted in the fixing bath for silver plating.

The process is so simple that it can readily be carried on even by an amateur. The liquid is strained or filtered and placed in a hard rubber box. An ordinary galvanic cell is attached by copper wires to a copper plate in one end of the receptacle. The article to be plated should be well cleaned and placed in the solution opposite the copper plate. The silver will begin to deposit immediately. Fifteen or twenty minutes will suffice for a thorough plating. In most photographing establishments enough silver solution is thrown away each day to plate a couple of dozen spoons or forks.

VISION OF SUMMER



Mr. Bug—When the grocer told me that soap would float it didn't take me long to dope out this scheme.

SEE BEARDS IN FASHION.

London newspapers are predicting the full beard will come into fashion both in Europe and America as a result of the war. War has always influenced the style in whiskers, even in the times of Alexander the Great, who required his soldiers to shave off their beards because a beard was a handle which an enemy could seize. The Crimean war in the fifties brought the full beard into fashion again. In that campaign British soldiers spent months in the trenches, where they had no chance to shave. Their beards grew, and they wore them when they returned to England. The English papers say that many soldiers coming home from the trenches are bearded, and unless precedents fail, the full beard is going to come into fashion again. Should our American troops return from the war with beards, we may look for that fashion to again become prevalent in America as it did after the Civil war.—Capper's Weekly.

BLD FOR IT.

"Would you give your lifeblood for your country?"

"Sure!" said a man who's always in a hurry. "I've done so already. I was in such a hurry to get downtown this morning to buy Liberty bonds that I cut myself shaving."—Buffalo Express.

WITHHOLDING A TIP.

"Are you going to make a garden next summer?"

"It's a secret; but I'll confide in you. I am, though I don't want it known. There's no use of starting in to boost the price of garden seeds."

NOT THE ANSWER.

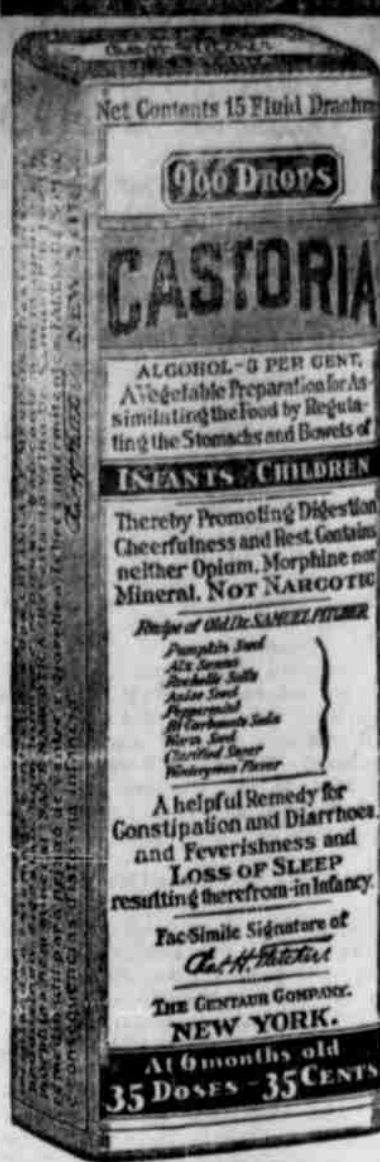
"What would you do if I should try to kiss you?"

"What would you expect me to do?"—The Post.

SO, SIGN.

"How's your father's condition?"

"Well, his temper is growing worse as his condition must be improved."



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Stock and Poultry Tonic

Prepare your stock for the hard work you have for them this spring. Buy a pail of

Dr. Hess's Stock Tonic

makes them hearty and healthy and shed off early before the days get hot, also good for hogs, sheep and COWS.

For an egg producer there is nothing better than PAN-A-CEA, makes all the hens lay.

Everybody wants eggs now. So buy a small package of Pan a-cea and supply the demand.

Planters Hardware Co.

Incorporated.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

Institutional Treatment of Tuberculosis

means that the patient is given constant attention; that the regime which is found to be best adapted to the case is rightly adhered to; that a resident physician is at hand all of the time, studying the case and adapting the treatment to it; that nursing service is the best. All of these things mean improvement, greater comfort and possible recovery. Hazelwood is operated without profit by the Louisville Anti-Tuberculosis Association. Rates \$12.50 a week. Write for detailed information.

Hazelwood Sanatorium

Station E DR. O. L. MILLER, Physician in Charge LOUISVILLE, KY.

The next draft may be expected soon after April 1.

The work of rounding up and internment unregistered Germans has begun.

KILL THE CHILL

These cool mornings by using a Gas Heater to take the edge off the room.

We have the famous "Hot Spot" heaters. None better. A call at our office will convince you.

Kentucky Public Service Co.

INCORPORATED.

THE MARKET BASKET

(Prices at Retail)

Eggs per dozen.....	60c
Butter per pound.....	50c
Breakfast bacon, pound.....	55c
Bacon, extras, pound.....	35c
Country hams, large, pound.....	35c
Country hams, small, pound.....	37½c
Lard, pure leaf, pound.....	35c
Lard, 50 lb. tins.....	\$14.00
Lard, compound, pound.....	30c
Cabbage, per pound.....	.07c
Irish potatoes.....	60c per peck
Sweet potatoes.....	60c "
Lemons, per dozen.....	40c
Cheese, cream, per lb.....	40c
Flour, 24-lb sack.....	\$1.00
Cornmeal, bushel.....	\$2.60
Oranges, per dozen 30c to.....	60c
Cooking Apples per peck.....	60c
Onions per pound.....	.06c
Navy beans, pound.....	20c
Black-eyed peas "	15c

Tibet History Lost.

The history of Tibet is lost in the obscurity of the long ago, for its customs date back to the morning of the world. Its people come from the ancient ages, and it is only known that they belong to the Tibeto-Indo-Chinese branch of Keene's Homo Mongolicus.

L. & N.

Time Card

Effective Apr. 15, 1917.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 12:21 a. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:29 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer 9:32 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:00 a. m.—Daily (Except Sunday.)
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:36 a. m.
No. 91—Ev. and H. accom. 8:58 a. m.—Daily (Except Sunday.)

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim. 5:29 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express 10:20 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer 7:05 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.—Daily (Except Sunday.)
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail 10:14 p. m.
No. 90—Ev. and H. accom. 3:00 p. m.—Daily (Except Sunday.)
No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Erin, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

Nos. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof.

No. 93 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connect at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 93 will not carry local passengers for points north of Nashville, Tenn.

W. N. CHANDLER, Ticket Agent.

Electric Heater

"Iron

"Machine Motor

"Stove

"Vacuum Cleaner

"Portable

"Fixtures

"Curling Iron

"Hot Pad

"Lights FOR Home

Telephone 361-2

Baugh Electric Co.